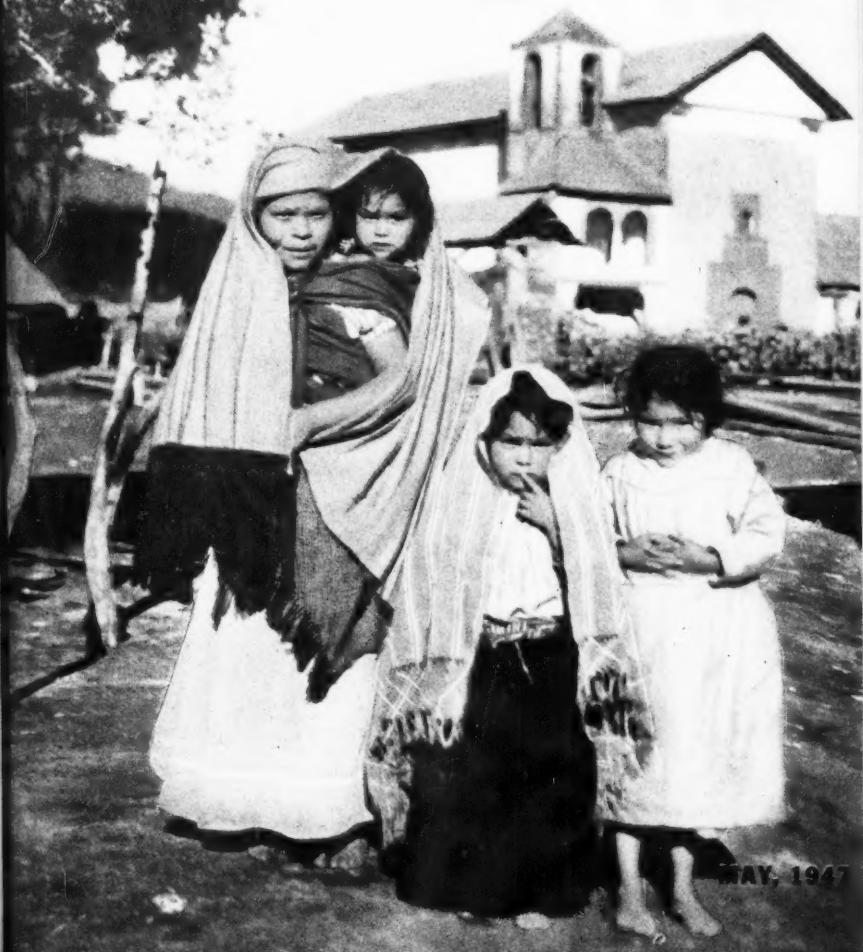


Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR



MAY, 1947

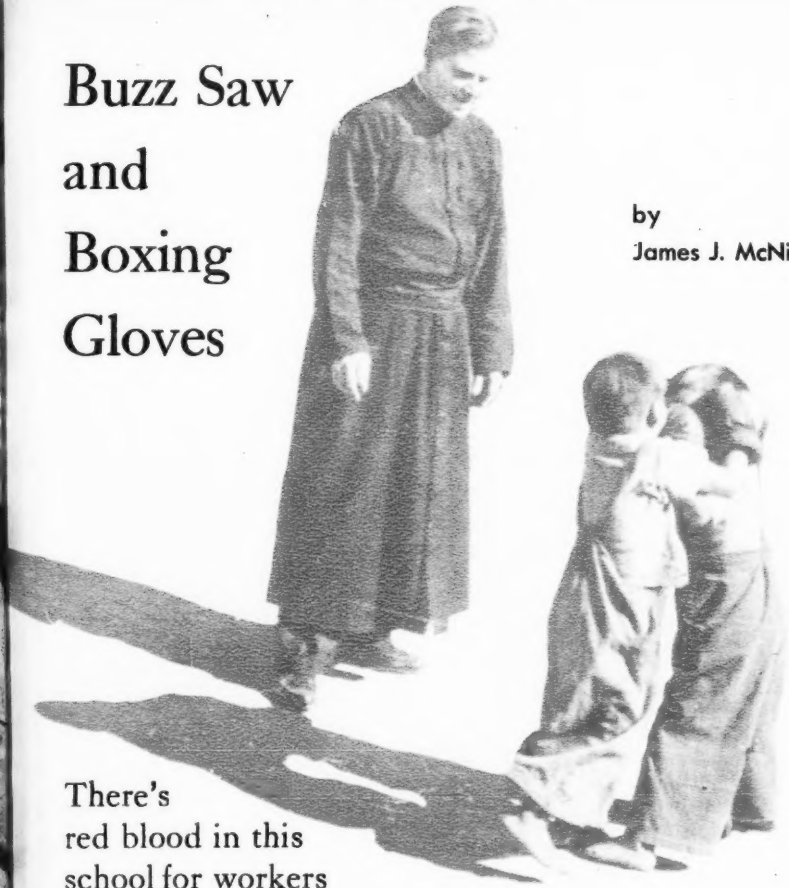
MOTHERHOOD
is the supreme
dignity of every
woman in China.
To possess a son
is every good
woman's dream.
The Christian
mother takes on
new loveliness by
her love for the
Mother of God.



Buzz Saw and Boxing Gloves

by

James J. McNiff



There's
red blood in this
school for workers

The famous boxers of Leo the Thirteenth went down to ignominious defeat recently. After a string of victories, the boys had begun to think that they were pretty good, and Father Manning had a hard time getting them to continue training.

But when they took a beating on the first night of the championships, their point of view changed. Father gave them a good talking-to and introduced again his stern discipline. The second night of the championships found the boys really in form: the

Maryknollers, who had come with doubting hearts, stayed to cheer the best fights of the year.

An image of Pope Leo XIII stands in a very conspicuous place in the office of Father James V.

Manning — of Richmond Hill, New York, director of the *Instituto Leon XIII* in Talca, Chile. The Pope who gave the real impetus to the modern Catholic-social movement is the guiding light behind this Maryknoller's endeavors.

Father Manning is a husky fellow, with a ruddy complexion and a very pleasant disposition. The Latins have a word we can't adequately translate — *simpatico* — which is used constantly in reference to this missionary. He never refuses a favor, always has a crowd of youngsters trailing after him in the street, and is well-liked by the adult population of Talca.

Father's entire efforts are bent toward making the Church in Talca and in Chile stand out like the beacon on the hill, in its efforts to serve the struggling mass of laborers. When he arrived in Chile, three and a half years ago, Divine Providence arranged that this Maryknoller should

Candidates

for Maryknoll should make application now for admission in September. For booklets on the priesthood or the brotherhood or for information write: the Vocation Director, Maryknoll P. O., New York

be placed under the jurisdiction of perhaps the most progressive and social-minded Bishop in all South America, Don Manuel Larrain Errazuris. Prelate and priest soon became good friends, for they

realized that they had common aspirations. By their efforts, the *Instituto Leon XIII* was made a reality.

The beginnings were very humble. In one of the many side streets of a poor district, a house that had formerly been used as a school was found. Its only real asset was plenty of open space in the big courtyard that it enclosed. Students were sought, and also professors. Most of the latter were personal friends of Father Manning. For example, the teacher of the class in electricity was vice-president of the electric-light company and offered his services free; the professor of the class in radio, who is an expert technician, donated his services. But a great number of the teachers had to be paid, and their salaries, together with innumerable other expenses, constituted a heavy financial burden.

A clinic was opened, where the families of workers could receive

MARYKNOLL—The Field Afar

Address all letters: The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Legal title for wills: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

Write for our free booklet, *The Making of a Catholic Will*. State laws differ in requirements.

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free medical aid. A carpenter shop was set up, with an expert instructor in attendance. Some tools were donated, but more had to be purchased. Mechanical workshops were organized, and the number of men applying was so great that not all could be accommodated.

Two years passed quickly but turbulently, in those restricted quarters. Then came the grand opportunity to work on a larger scale. The Dominicans were moving from their old monastery, which was located nearly in the center of town. The Bishop, quick to seize his oppor-

tunity, appropriated the place. Where the friars once had their cells, classrooms were formed; the former chapel became a spacious theater; one of the long corridors were turned into a gymnasium, with a first-class boxing ring. The old *convento* was indeed transformed into a forum of apostolic activity.

The yard was cleared of its tangle of shrubs, and a good basketball court was constructed. A long-cherished dream came true when the court was fitted with electric lights. Workers in this locality get home so late in the day that only after-

The school has a long waiting list of boys anxious to learn some craft



Wives of workers jump at the opportunity to learn new household skills



dark sports are possible. Now the *Instituto* has the only gymnasium and the only court with lights, in the center of town. As a result, the place is packed until ten o'clock at night. The newspapers have given the school wonderful publicity, and recently the radio devoted a Sporting Hour to its achievements.

The *Instituto* has classes in the afternoons for wives, to teach them knitting, dressmaking, and other household skills. When the children are free from school, they throng our place to use the gymnasium and basketball court. They are taught some of the manual arts and some catechism, and then get a light afternoon lunch of sandwiches and cocoa.

Another's Boy

If you have no boy of your own to give to the foreign mission apostolate of Christ why not help to train another's boy? It costs about \$500 yearly to educate a Maryknoll student.

In the summer-time, which in Chile comes in our winter, the Institute organizes two-week vacations for the children at the seashore.

The effects of such an apostolate are far-reaching. At the conclusion of the camping season last year, one man approached Father Manning and told him that, after having watched what the missionaries were doing for the youth, he felt convinced that the mission of the Catholic Church was what it claimed to be — the salvation of men's souls. From that day forward, the man said, he would fulfill his religious obligations, which he had abandoned some twenty years previously. Thus the camp is having effect in many diverse ways.

Father Manning sees that mothers and youngsters get sandwiches and coffee



by Joseph G. Cosgrove

A Guy Named Joe

"Old Faithful" might be a fitting title

Too much has been written about the world's great and famous men; not enough attention has been given to the world's great little men. I offer for your reflection the case of Joseph Chu, Laipo mission's beloved, one-legged gatekeeper.

Every chance I get, I make it a serious point to tell people about Joe. He fascinates my imagination. Maybe it's because of that right eye of his, which twitches, or his Chinese cackle, or simply the fact that he's so homely. At any rate, after I had lost all my worldly effects in Hong Kong during the war, the first question I asked the Bishop later was: "Where's Joseph? Was he killed?" That Chinese gatekeeper was more important than my few possessions.

To the Laipo mission, Joseph is what the deacons of old were to the infant Church. The mission fairly buzzes around Joe. In chapel he

leads morning and night prayers with high zest, like a drummer beating out the orchestra's tempo. He'd get up and preach if we'd let him.

We've heard, reliably, that friends drop into his gatehouse for advice on things in general. Mothers send their babies for him to mind. Old cronies use his room to transact business on market day.

Joseph has a grade-A temper. We can generally tell the mood he is in by the beat of his crutch as he goes down the mission walk.

In these days, Joseph has his troubles with the refugees. More and more of them stop at the mission for a stipend. Joseph handles that end of the business, duly thumb-printing one and all so they won't repeat needlessly. When he comes to the pastor for the money, and elaborates at length on the state of the refugees' clothing and their other difficulties, the pastor can be certain that the poor refugees are some chosen souls.

Truthfully, we shouldn't care to see Joe leave. He's a museum piece, a priceless pearl, a homely ol' boot, and we like him.



MARYKNOLL'S G.I.'S





WE'RE mighty proud of them. Not simply because of their war records, or their large number (almost 125). But particularly for their determination to give their lives to help rebuild a shattered world in which men's priceless souls come first and always. They are back in service again, only this time God is their commander. When their basic training is over, they go overseas again,—armed this time with the weapons of peace, to teach men how to live as brothers in the Fatherhood of God.



WHY I JOINED MARYKNOLL

Perhaps you have wondered why any young man should leave home and go out to a remote part of the world as a foreign missionary. Recently we asked some hundreds of our seminarians what first led them to think of Maryknoll. Here are a few of the answers.

(1) While we were at Okinawa, a native woman came to Mass each Sunday. But she had not seen a priest for about ten years. Her faith alone seemed worth the hardships of a missionary's entire life. Before I left the island, I knew I had found my place in God's plan.

(2) I first heard of Maryknoll when I saw *THE FIELD AFAR* lying on the table in our living room. My father had subscribed to it. I liked it very much and looked forward to the next copy. When the subscription ran out, I renewed it with my own money. At that time I was in the sixth grade.

(3) The inspiration that brought me to Maryknoll occurred while we were preparing for the invasion of Okinawa. I was rather lax in my religious life, and it took the example of a group of natives to make me find myself again. They were Roman Catholics, converted many years ago by Spanish missionaries. I watched them at Mass and thought how wonderful it would be if everyone could have the faith of those simple people.

(4) After I had seen the motion picture, "Keys of the Kingdom," I decided to be a foreign missionary.

(5) While I was in the service, I thought a great deal about the priesthood. I knew that priests were greatly

needed in the missions, as there were still many pagans, and if we wanted a better world in which to live, those people had to be taught the true religion. Then came the idea that I could become a missionary and help to bring the word of God to those poor people.

(6) When I was six, my mother read to me a story of St. Isaac Jogues. I was deeply impressed, especially by his great desire as a boy to become a missionary. Although I was young, I told my mother I should like to be a priest to take the word of God to those who do not know Him. Shortly after that, my mother entered a subscription to *THE FIELD AFAR* in my name.

(7) I got a job from my pastor, helping in office work. He told me lots about the priesthood and let me read his Maryknoll magazine, *THE FIELD AFAR*. My pastor liked Maryknoll. He told me that the priests were very kind, and if he were twenty years young he would join Maryknoll himself. I asked him to help me get to Maryknoll.

(8) During the service in Honolulu, I happened to pick up *Men of Maryknoll*; had time for only one story, about Father Sweeney and the leper he rescued. On Okinawa I saw the abject poverty of the people, and I

couldn't help thinking a lot about their sad condition and what a great amount of help could and should be given them. I read the Holy Father's Epiphany plea for the poor and neglected children of the world, in *America*. This finally influenced me to investigate about the Maryknoll Brothers.

(9) Maryknoll first came to my attention in my history text in grammar school.

(10) I first became interested in Maryknoll through reading about Maryknollers in our diocesan paper.

(11) The Philadelphia papers carried the news of Father Connors' death and the story of his life. It was then I first learned of Maryknoll. (12) My decision was made in the Navy, when I saw the backwardness and spiritual ignorance of the Orientals. I felt guilty because I had so many opportunities to practice my Faith and these poor unfortunates never had the chance even to hear of it. I felt urged to do something for those people, and boyhood dreams of the priesthood came back when I saw the great need.

(13) I became an altar boy in the third grade and served Mass often; in that way I became well acquainted with my pastor and several other priests. A good deal of my time was spent with priests, and of course vocations were frequently discussed.

(14) While the Navy was in the Marianas, our chaplain mentioned



Three ex-G.I.'s at the Seminary. One was a lieutenant with Patton; he had his feet frozen as he lay wounded in the Bulge Battle

that, of 11,000 Japanese and Koreans on the island, only 30 were Catholic. I inquired why. Then I learned of St. Francis Xavier and the story of Catholicism in Japan; also of the early French missionaries in Korea. My interest was stimulated to the point of missionary endeavor.

(15) The influence of *THE FIELD AFAR*, subscribed to in church, gave me a strong urge to join Maryknoll. Then the fact that the chaplains I met in service had such a high esteem for Maryknoll, led me here.

(16) Father Keller spoke in our seminary, not so much about his own Society as about the Communists who are overrunning the world. I was pleased with the talk and was led to inquire about the Maryknoll Society; I had lived in the South all my life and had never heard of Maryknoll. I was caught by Father Keller's zeal to go out into the byways to gather souls; and after reading *THE FIELD AFAR*, I wrote to Maryknoll.

(17) I was taught high ideals by my mother and the Sisters at school. After I became an altar boy, I decided that God was calling me to the priesthood. (18) I received encouragement from my parish priests

and my teachers in high school. They all had great respect for the work Maryknoll is doing.

(19) I first heard of Maryknoll when our pastor distributed vocational booklets to our class in the eighth grade. (20) My mission interest was aroused by a talk on Mission Sunday, by a Benedictine Father.

(21) I felt that I had made an astounding discovery when I thought over the words, "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations," — a discovery that others had not made. Imagine my surprise when I found those words printed above the entrance of Maryknoll Seminary!

(22) At a diocesan seminary, on a certain Retreat Sunday, I noticed a student beside me looking at a booklet that had an attractive cover and title — *You Can Change the World*. When the booklet was passed to me, I spent the rest of the day pondering the idea, and an indescribable feeling told me that Maryknoll was the place for me.

(23) One of my main reasons for wanting to enter Maryknoll was my devotion to Mary: I wished to join a Society with Mary as patroness.

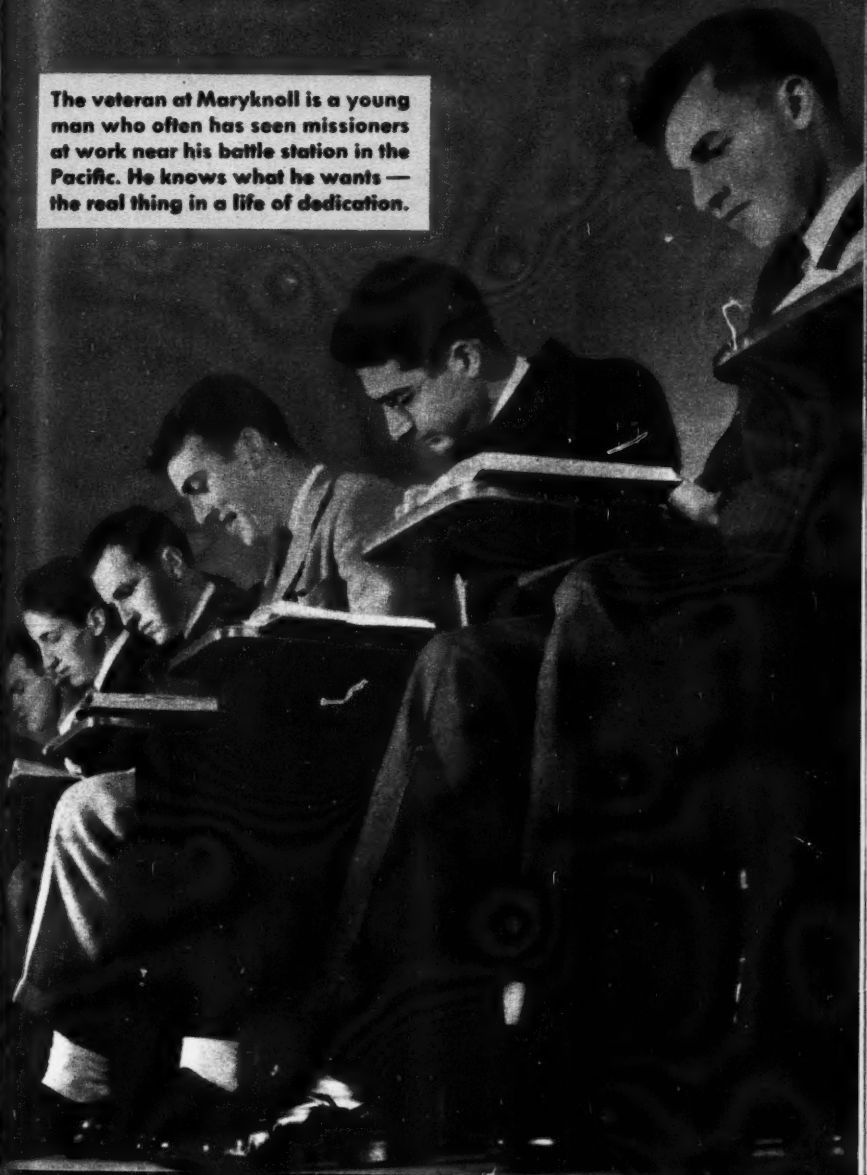
(24) One day during study period in the seventh grade, Sister came down and gave me a magazine. She said, "Read this and see how men use their time." It was *THE FIELD AFAR*. That was the beginning.

(25) One day when my mother attended a PTA meeting at our parish school, Father Coffey, M.M., showed pictures and gave a talk. My mother enjoyed that very much and told the family about it. She also brought home some literature that interested me.

A Proud Record

Maryknoll's ex-servicemen are from every branch of the armed forces. Ranks run from lieutenant commander and major to buck private. One took part in the Doolittle attack on Tokyo; another was on the *Missouri* when the surrender treaty was signed. They hold scores of decorations: Purple Hearts, Air Medals with Silver Oak Leaf Clusters, Bronze Stars, Distinguished Flying Crosses, and so on. They saw action all over the world: Normandy, Okinawa, New Guinea, Rhineland, Iwo Jima, Saipan, Ardennes, St. Nazaire Pocket, Ploesti, Burma, Bougainville, Philippines, Arno. One was stationed at Pearl Harbor when the historic bombing took place at the outbreak of the war.

The veteran at Maryknoll is a young man who often has seen missionaries at work near his battle station in the Pacific. He knows what he wants — the real thing in a life of dedication.



The Superior General's Corner

What starts a missionary vocation? The answer, of course, is first of all the grace of God. It is His work and He sounds the call.

The particular circumstances which make the call known to individuals are legion. Recently we asked a considerable number of our students what first prompted them to think of Maryknoll. The replies were most interesting. It would appear that there is hardly a situation in life which cannot be used by the Lord to turn a young man's attention toward the missions.

The role of priests and Sisters is plain throughout the stories. Time and time again a priest's or a Sister's expression of admiration for the work of carrying the Gospel to the non-Christian gave the start to thoughts that landed a young man at Maryknoll. Frequently in the accounts appears the phrase, "A priest (or a Sister) spoke highly of the work of Maryknoll." We are happy indeed to feel that so many priests and Sisters multiply themselves and their ardor by leading young people to a mission career.

Notes by Bishop Raymond A. Lamy
SUPERIOR GENERAL OF MARYKNOLL

The printed word works in marvelous fashion. We wonder if Monsignor Matthew Smith of the *Denver Register*, Mr. Richard Reid of the *New York Catholic News*, and other editors throughout the country realize that their columns are responsible for sending from a dozen to a score of fine young Americans overseas as Maryknollers.

Every smallest leaflet freighted with the mission message represents tremendous possibilities.

"I noticed a man beside me," writes one student, "reading your booklet *You Can Change the World*. I borrowed it, spent the day pondering the idea, and an indescribable feeling told me that Maryknoll was the place for me."

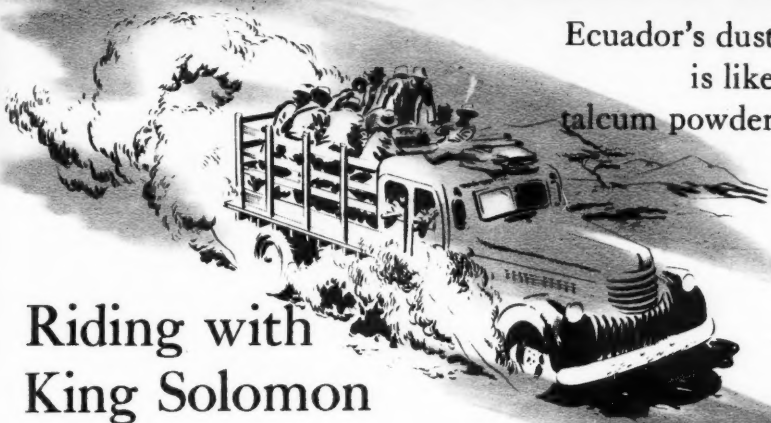
"Sister gave me a magazine and said, 'Read this and see how men use their time.' It was *THE FIELD AFAR*. That was the beginning of my road to Maryknoll."

Thus apostles are born!

Maryknoll candidates now hail from more than ninety dioceses in forty states and so are nation-wide in origin. New England supplies 20%; the Atlantic States 40%; the Middle West and South 29%; and the Western States 11%. We hope that every Catholic parish in the country will one day be represented among us.

+ 

Ecuador's dust
is like
talcum powder



Riding with King Solomon

by Bernard F. Ryan

We were to ride with the king of the road, Solomon DeMonte. To appreciate Solomon, one must first appreciate the road, a ninety-mile bridle path that would make a fairly good shoulder for a highway in the States — except for its short stretches of soft pasture land and sharp shallow gulleys. Like the faith of the country people here, the road needs to be widened and paved. Both tasks will take a few years.

Even after the road will have been built, the people will still be talking about our friend, Solomon DeMonte, a firm believer in American machines. At the beginning of each dry season, he and his brother Kanan put up their river launch and buy two new, American-made trucks.

This year they bought the Ford chassis. For each chassis, they have a specially built body, the front of which is made to accommodate about thirteen to fifteen passengers (who have feet and legs much smaller than

mine). The back half of the truck is for freight of any kind, plus second-class passengers, who are willing to ride on top of the coffee, pigs, gasoline, bananas, furniture, and household utensils. An official inspects each load as the truck starts out, but there are very few officials who care to match wits with Solomon.

On one occasion, an inspector was chagrined to find a truck that seemed not loaded properly. He stated that the condition was not only dangerous, but against the law. One free cigarette soothed his indignation and the truck passed on. He was pleased, for at least this truck had stopped.

Solomon always gives the inspectors American cigarettes, for he wishes very much to be American. He proudly wears a ring given him by an American flier who was here during the war. More than likely the ring was presented at the close of a friendly crap game. Moreover, he wears a heavy leather jacket and a cap similar to our Army Air Force uniform. This is doubtless because he admires American fliers greatly.



First Maryknoller from Chicago's Mundein Seminary is Father Bernard Ryan

Certainly it would be difficult to figure out any other reason for his being bundled up under the Ecuadorian sun. The fact that Solomon usually carries a gun when traveling should not be taken amiss, for he is a real gentleman and a respected citizen. Indeed, both he and Father Gerbermann were invited to attend the President's banquet in Quevedo. The President could not attend, and the guests had to toast each other, but that did not reduce Solomon's social rating.

This thirty-year-old Syrian, who has adopted Ecuador as his home, loves speed. While other trucks take eight to ten hours to make the trip, Solomon makes it in six or seven hours, and he never fails to leave at a fixed time. These achievements enable him to attract a full load of first-class passengers for every trip.

A full load is especially desirable when the truck makes the trip down the river road to Guayaquil for

there is always more competition for passengers going down than coming up. The reason is that many of the men transport bananas and other fruit to Guayaquil on rafts of balsa. On arrival, they sell their fruit and the balsa logs, and then return here by truck — to do the same thing all over again.

On the first trip that we took with Solomon, we were impressed to see an Ecuadorian and an American flag on the side of the truck, and a large neat sign, surrounded by lights, proclaiming its very unusual name. The truck is not called the *San Jorge* or any other customary name, but the *Roosevelt*. On the inside are three framed pictures: Churchill, Roosevelt, and The Sacred Heart. One rival named his truck the *Truman*, but I noticed, on a short trip the other night, that it is having carburetor trouble.

The most pleasing feature in the *Roosevelt* is the siren. Before every town, Solomon sounds it, so that the whole town may come out to see him pass. After the people do come out, he just steps on the gas and stirs up a little more dust. It is a big day for the smaller towns when the *Roosevelt* and its full load of passengers stop over to eat lunch.

During the dry season, we use trucks to communicate between the towns and our house in Guayaquil. In the winter, the river launches furnish us with a link to the outside world. During the in-between seasons, old-timers tell me, we just forget all about travel in general.

But I wouldn't know about that. I haven't been here long enough to even get my feet wet.

IT WAS a beautiful, balmy afternoon on a sunny beach of the New Jersey coast. At the lower end, some distance from the crowd, a young boy was playing in the sand. "Hello, there!" came the friendly greeting from a tall figure wearing a dark-blue bathing suit. Father Finan, always one to strike up a conversation with a lad, strolled over in the boy's direction. "What are you doing, pal"?, asked the priest.

The boy, intent on his work, hardly bothered to raise his head. "Diggin' a hole to China," came the laconic reply.

"I'll tell you an easier way," quickly rejoined the inquirer. And so began a friendship between the youngster and the priest.

Seven years later Johnny Donoghue was a senior at one of the many fine Catholic high schools in Philadelphia. He was a good student, active in sports, and popular, too; indeed, he was the captain of the football team. Yes, John had come a long way since that early vacation at the beach and his first meeting with Father Finan. But the missionary had left a deep and lasting impression on his young mind, particularly through stories of the rugged mission life in China.

John was one of the boys, a "regu-

The Answer

Digging a hole
wasn't necessary

by Joseph R. English

lar fellow" in every way. He had an offer to play college football — and how he did love to carry that ball! Yet he had always prayed to know if he had a vocation, and he received the sacraments frequently. When he discussed the subject with his parents and parish priests, they advised him to pray and do what he thought best.

Johnny knew the glory of being a hero on the gridiron, and off. He also knew that Our Lord commanded us to go and teach all nations. Even as he danced at the Senior Ball, he wondered about his vocation.

"All aboard!" echoed the last warning as the huge ship strained at its New York dock, nine years later. Father John Donoghue had just walked up the gangplank. He had found an easier way to China.

Any boy interested in becoming a Maryknoll missionary should write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P. O., New York

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll

Brother ☐
Priest ☐

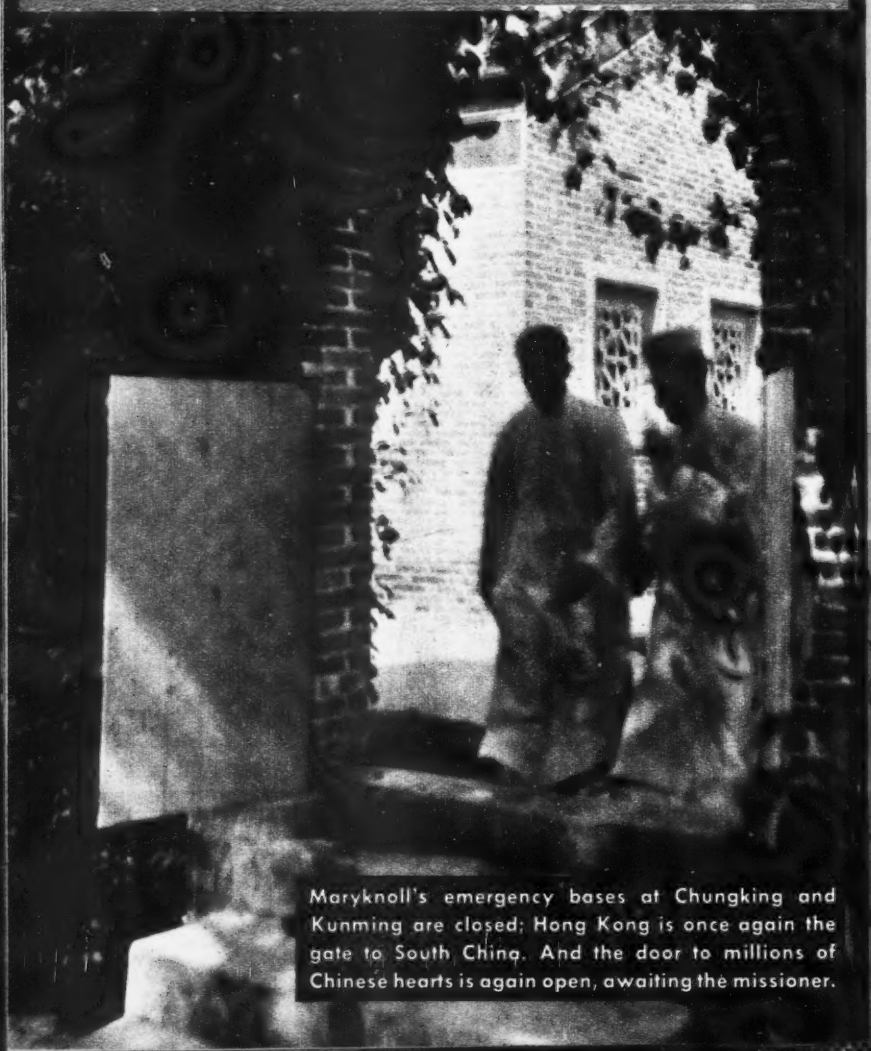
(Check one). I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Date of birth _____

Street _____ School _____

City, Zone, State _____ Class _____

Open Door in South China



Maryknoll's emergency bases at Chungking and Kunming are closed; Hong Kong is once again the gate to South China. And the door to millions of Chinese hearts is again open, awaiting the missionary.

BEFORE Pearl Harbor, Maryknoll in Hong Kong was the hub of our missions in South China. There were four Maryknoll mission territories in the interior, with a population of almost twenty million souls, and communications with those four territories fanned out from Hong Kong like the spokes of a wheel. Eleven miles outside the central city of Victoria, on Hong Kong Island, is the Village of Stanley; there, on a beautiful eminence above the gleaming South China Sea, stood the Maryknoll Language School.

When the Japanese attacked Hong Kong, the interior missions were isolated. A temporary center was set up at Chungking.

Now we are back to normal. From Hong Kong, we journey once again to Kongmoon Diocese under Bishop Paschang; to Wuchow Diocese under Bishop Donaghy; to Kweilin Prefecture under Monsignor Romaniello; and to Kaying under Bishop Ford.



Father Mark Tennien of Pittsford, Vt., is back from Chungking to South China





No more homeland teaching for Father Maurice Feeney, back with his people



Left to right: Father Lynch, Father Mihelko, Father Wieland

Missioners have plans

What a change today's attitude toward missioners in South China is over that of thirty years ago! Then complete indifference everywhere greeted the bearers of the Lord's call. Now the missioners are admired for their devotion to their flocks and to all Chinese, particularly the refugees, during the bitter war years. Almost every village recalls some instance of generous, selfless charity on the part of priests or Sisters who gave aid to local folk.

Maryknollers are not yet completely reorganized after the upsetting days of conflict. But a great harvest of souls is in the offing.





(Above) War's broken families make South China orphanages busier than ever

(Below) Chinese priests in Maryknoll's missions are increasing every year



South China produces Christians

The war years have taught Maryknollers the sterling qualities of most of their Catholics. A great many mission areas were occupied by the Japanese, and in a number of places local Christians suffered physical violence rather than reveal anything concerning the missionary or the mission property. One old gentleman, who was custodian of a chapel, was taken by the Japanese three different times; and each time, after abuse and forced marches, he returned to his dangerous post as soon as he regained freedom.

In another generation, many flourishing parishes completely manned by sons and daughters of China will exist in each of these South China mission fields.



South China's Maryknoll Sisters are equally ready to teach religion or drive a left-over American army jeep



Roses in the Snow



A peasant lad
has a visitor
and starts a devotion

by Thomas J. Danehy

The story of the shrine at Guadalupe goes back to the sixteenth century, when Mary, the Queen of Heaven, chose one of Mexico's native sons to convey a message to his countrymen — and to the world.

A humble Indian, Juan Diego, had been living a lonely life since the death of his wife. He had been converted by the Spanish Padres, and it was only his faith that sustained him in his hardships. One day, as Juan was making his way to church, near the top of the hill of Tepeyac, he heard sweet music suddenly fill the air. The early morning darkness was flooded with light, and the Indian's name was called gently.

"Juanito! Juan Dieguito!" The voice came from "a Lady who was standing there serenely," and who motioned to him to approach.

Juan marveled greatly, for the supernatural seemed evident. The Lady's garments were shining like the sun. The cliff on which she stood glittered like some precious stone, and illumined the background with rainbow-like beauty. Unafraid, the Indian listened to the voice, which commissioned him to go to the palace of the Bishop, in Mexico, and tell him to have built on this spot a temple in the Lady's honor.

Readily and eagerly, Juan assented. But when the apparition disappeared, and the prospect of meeting the Bishop became clear in his mind, fear and trembling overcame him. However, the voice had been insistent, so he set out on his promised errand.

As Juan entered the Bishop's palace, he saw the pages and aides in garments that contrasted greatly with

his own poor robes, and he became somewhat disheartened. After a wait that seemed interminable, he was ushered into the presence of the Bishop, Don Fray Juan de Xumarraga.

The prelate was a kindly man, and he listened patiently as the Indian told his simple story: "I saw a great light behind the summit of the hill. I thought it was the sunrise. Instead, it was the Blessed Virgin!"

Juan Diego feared that he had failed to convince the Bishop, for the latter told him to return at a later date, when there would be more time to consider his story. Sad at heart he went back to the hills, to report his failure to the lovely Lady.

Instead of censure and blame, encouragement so motherly and sweet was given that Juan promised to make another attempt to convince the Bishop of the Lady's desire. After Mass the next morning, he set out again for the city. But his heart was

heavy with the prospect of more scorn from the Bishop's servants and another failure with the Bishop.

In the Bishop's presence once more, Juan was overcome by emotion and could hardly utter a coherent sentence. Finally the Bishop calmed him, and then instructed him to bring a sign from the Lady, to prove that she was truly the Queen of Heaven. Without a moment's hesitation, Juan promised, for he had no doubt that the Virgin would give him proof.

Mary did not fail her devoted son. On his return to the hilltop, he found her waiting. She listened to his request, and then assured him that, on the morrow, the condition would be fulfilled. The Bishop would receive proof that it was really the Queen of Heaven who was asking him to build a church to her honor on the hill of Tepeyac.

Juan's joy was short-lived, however, for on returning to his home, he found his aged uncle, with whom he lived, seriously ill. Juan sat up all night, tending the sick man. In the morning he believed that he ought to call the Padre, to administer the Last Sacraments. But a journey to the priest's house would prevent him from making his promised trip to the Bishop. Torn between the two obligations, the good Indian decided that it was his duty to go and call the Padre.

On his way to the mission, he tried somewhat shamefacedly to avoid the gaze of the Virgin which he knew would be upon him. But as he neared the place of the apparition, he saw the Lady coming down to meet him. She chided him gently for his lack of faith, and assured him that no

Our Lady in Manchuria

During the war years in Manchuria, things happened with remarkable regularity on Our Lady's feast days:

Immaculate Conception (Dec. 8, 1941; Dec. 7 east of the 180th meridian): War declared. *Our Lady of China* (May 31, 1942): Missioners transferred to Mukden internment camp. *Our Lady of Mt. Carmel* (July 16, 1943): Most missionaries ordered home. *Holy Name of Mary* (Sept. 12, 1943): Exchange ship sailed. *Immaculate Conception* (Dec. 8, 1944): Red Cross visited Bishop Lane and companions in internment. *Our Lady of Lourdes* (Feb. 11, 1945): Red Cross food reached camp. *Assumption* (Aug. 15, 1945): End of the war.

Requirements for Maryknoll Priesthood

AGE: Young men of high school or college age are eligible to apply to join Maryknoll to prepare for the foreign missions.

CHARACTER: Applicants must have an excellent character and the recommendation of their pastors and teachers. Applicants should be zealous, intelligent, generous and pious.

HEALTH: Good health is required on overseas missions. A candidate must furnish a medical report from his doctor.

EDUCATION: Credit is given for previous high school and college work. Applicants may be required to pass an entrance examination before acceptance or a placement examination after acceptance.

harm would befall his uncle. Then she gave him the requested sign for the Bishop. She sent him to a deserted spot on the hill, to pick some roses that were growing there.

Juan was amazed at the glowing beauty of the flowers that he found. The season was winter, and the hill was barren, except in that one spot. Quickly he gathered the marvelous roses and hid them under his cloak. Then happily he made his way to the Bishop's palace.

As he waited in the courtyard, the servants noticed that he was hiding something beneath his cloak. Immediately they questioned him. He was unwilling to show his treasure, yet he could not ward off his tormentors, and soon the beautiful roses were scattered upon the floor. After the shock of the revelation had passed, the servants ushered Juan into the presence of the Bishop.

The heaven-sent roses were presented to the prelate. But an even more convincing sign was the image

of the Blessed Virgin, which was discovered imprinted on Juan's poor mantle. It was an image that the good Indian loved instantly. It portrayed perfectly the Virgin as she had appeared to him in the hills—a heavenly visitant with the features of a maiden of his own race.

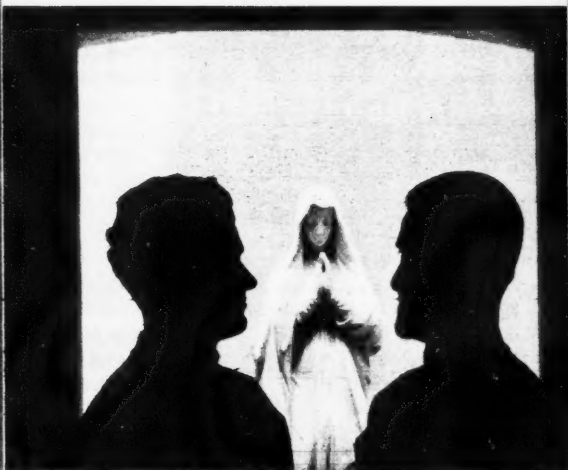
Such signs, though wholly unexpected, were instantly accepted by the Bishop. He then told Juan to show him the site chosen by the Blessed Virgin.

The original church in Guadalupe was completed under the direction of Archbishop Alonso de Montufar, in 1567. The present church was built in 1931, to celebrate the fourth centenary of the apparitions. Today it is numbered among the great basilicas of the world.

As Mary is enshrined above the main altar of the basilica, so also she is enshrined in the hearts of her Mexican children. Love and happiness are her gifts to those who come to her; their love is her reward.

Our Lady of Maryknoll





Prayer to Our Lady of Maryknoll

MARY, Mother of souls and of their only Saviour, look down upon this family that bears thy name and be mindful of Maryknoll. Remember that it is the work of thy inspiration and that it was cradled by thy maternal hands. Make it truly thine in purpose and in spirit. Keep it strong in charity, instant in prayer, humble in sentiment, bold and steadfast in its design to carry the Name of Jesus to the uttermost ends of the earth.

Inspire us, O Lady of Maryknoll, with that hunger for souls that fills thy own immaculate heart. Teach us to see the image of God in all men; to cherish the most neglected and despised among them; to labor for them as their servants; to die for them if need be, that they may live.

Mary, Mother and Queen of Maryknoll, give us, we beseech thee, the true marks of our holy calling. To thee and to thy Divine Son, we give the pledge of our love and loyalty now and forever. *Amen.*

*V. Lady of Maryknoll, pray for us who have recourse to thee.
R. That we may be made worthy of our apostolic vocation.*

— *Composed by BISHOP JAMES E. WALSH, M.M., D.D.*

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

Maryknoll P. O., New York

inequalities still exist among them, and most of all in their deprivation of spiritual riches. The servants in the Father's house abound with bread while those outside perish with hunger. By no merit whatever of their own, but solely through the mysterious mercy of God, the favored ones have been given the better part. They are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people, that they may declare His virtues who hath called them out of darkness into His marvelous light. (*1 Peter ii: 9*). They have received not the spirit of adoption of sons; they were not left orphans, but were made soldiers and companions of Christ; they were rescued, forgiven, renewed, nourished, comforted, and sanctified by divine ordination, not once but all through their lives.

Orders

Treasures

The immense cloud of witnesses to the truth, the three hundred and fifty million Catholics in the world, might reasonably be expected to deliver this truth in turn to the precious remainder of the human race for whom it was likewise intended. They have been given every equipment and capability, every commission and incentive, to fulfill this role. They have been more fortunate by the whole heaven than their brothers. All men are created equal, but great

The hope of mankind that is identified with the cause of Christ has not been promoted by this great army as vigorously and successfully as would seem logical in the circumstances. There are many reasons why this is so, but lack of orders is not among them. Catholics belong to the world's greatest organization. It is the only perfect society in existence. It has a divine constitution; a guarantee of indestructibility; an authoritative and infallible head; a complete executive framework, both

hierarchic and geographic; a treasure house of means divinely adequate for all its aims; and an immense reservoir of supernatural energy to be harnessed to the prosecution of its aims. The orders are clear and have been promulgated ever since the Church began. They are in the Holy Scriptures. They are on the lips of Christ. They are echoed by the Fathers of the Church and all the saints down the ages. They are repeated by every Pope. In one form and another, these orders represent the obligation of Catholic Action.

Our Attitude Toward Our Brother

We do not need a revolution: we need charity. The catechism says that God made us to know, love, and serve Him in this world and to be happy with Him in the next. True — and even complete in germ — but not sufficiently clear and detailed, unless we happen to know how God wants us to love and serve Him. He said Himself that He wanted us to love God above all things and to love our neighbor as ourselves. We were not put into the world to love God and ignore our neighbor, for such an attitude is a contradiction in terms. We have simply failed to grow in the divine virtue that overflows in the love and service of all humanity because it partakes of the very nature of God.

They charge us to live our faith. They exhort us to help our brothers. They command us to love our enemies. They enlist us in the active role of advancing the cause of Christ by charity and zeal. The program is definite. The end is attainable. More, it is actually being attained, but with what creeping tardiness and infinite difficulty. "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in the whole world, for a testimony to all nations, and then shall the consummation come" (*Matthew xxiv: 14*). The world is small, and the flock is large, but still the performance lags.

Problems

There are innumerable reasons to account for the slow growth of the true Church. They all represent serious, practical difficulties. But pile them up to the sky, and the wonder still remains that they are not nullified and surmounted and swept aside by the conquering surge of our charity. Obviously, there is no conquering surge. We do not seek to turn the world upside down out of love for Christ and our brothers; we seek to save ourselves in a static world of minimum effort. We are not sufficiently Catholic. We look only inward. We bury our talent. We hide our light under a bushel. We possess the world's only genuine riches—and we do not share it with others. We keep the Faith, but we are not our brother's keeper.



Blockade running was
all in a day's work

Island Padre

by John Goldsmith

His Chinese friends had a humorous name for Father John T. Joyce. Translated, it means "Bad Luck." And it stuck because, wherever he went, the Japanese either dropped bombs or appeared in person.

In August, 1937, the newly ordained priest sailed for Hong Kong. There he spent nine months learning the Chinese language. His first assignment was to the Catholic mission on Sancian Island, 140 miles southwest of Hong Kong. After Pearl Harbor, he moved to a mission in a coastal city on the mainland, and there he worked until he took charge of the leprosarium at the mouth of a river 100 miles south of Hong Kong, in 1944. He returned to this country for a vacation and is now preparing to go back to China.

Those are the facts. But there is more to the story.

In 1938, the Japanese blockaded Sancian Island to cut off its rice supply. Father Joyce and another priest hoisted the American flag on a junk and, running the blockade, brought tons of rice from the mainland to the island. Halted by Japanese patrol craft, they were threatened with drastic action if caught again; but, chuckles the priest, "Although

we were stopped often, the same boat never stopped us twice."

Once they were chased by Chinese pirates, but they ran their junk around. The pirates, attempting to capture the cargo, were driven off by Chinese on shore.

In 1939 Father Joyce, another priest, and two Chinese baggage carriers, walking along a road near Canton, became the focal point of fire between Chinese and Japanese soldiers. "The Japanese probably did not know just who we were," he recalls, "and the Chinese must have thought we were going to the enemy."

Father Joyce was on the Chinese mainland when the Japanese hit Pearl Harbor. He tried to reach Sancian Island, to notify the Father Robert J. Cairns, another missionary, of his new status as an enemy civilian. But the Japanese were quicker. On the night of December 16, they took Father Cairns, and only recently Maryknoll reported that the latter had been killed.

When Father Joyce replaced Father Joseph Sweeney at the Gate of Heaven Leprosarium, which included a 70-bed hospital for Chinese guerrillas, the Japanese held positions 600 yards away, across the river.

When hospital supplies began to run out, Chinese businessmen made trips to Canton, 100 miles away, and bought Japanese drugs and medicine. For bandages, explains the priest, "We tore up mosquito nets and sheets."

In March, 1945, the Japanese finally crossed the river a few miles above the leper colony. Father Joyce and another priest fled into the hills. "The Japanese saw us going up a hill," he recalls, "but they didn't know who we were, because we were wearing Chinese clothes."

Meanwhile, the advancing troops, acting on a prearranged plan and as if they were completely familiar with the terrain, went straight to the missionary's house.

Explaining their quick location of his quarters, the priest says, "They were across the river from us for four

No Agents

Maryknoll, THE FIELD AFAR, has no paid agents. This does not, however, prevent our readers from securing subscriptions among their relatives and friends. Why not enlist them as Maryknoll Members and readers of our monthly magazine?

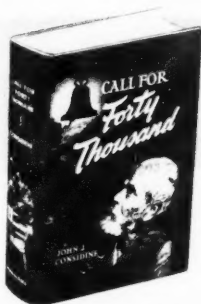
years, and I guess they could tell what we had for dinner."

Forty Japanese soldiers took to the hills after Father Joyce, while others burned two buildings in the colony and shot two inmates who refused

to leave. Father Joyce escaped while the pursuing Japanese battled bands of Chinese guerrillas.

Months of repeated moves to elude the enemy and round up starving survivors of the leper colony followed. The priest located a bicycle. On this he rode through the district, procuring rice for his former charges and, at the same time, passing them through the Japanese lines.

One jump ahead of the Japanese on several occasions, he was once reported lost until he made contact with British troops, who had moved into the area with the American OSS.
—from *White Plains Reporter Dispatch*



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Tanganyika Pays Us a Call

The Home Knoll gets a breeze from Lake Victoria

by John J. Considine

Here on the Hudson we have had a breath of Africa in our midst for the last few days. We have seen the flowing cream robes of a White Father moving along our corridors, gracing our board, and we have partaken of the quiet, confident spirit of a young leader imbued with the finest traditions of the Catholic apostolate in Africa. Bishop Blomjous, Vicar Apostolic of Musoma, the territory in which our Maryknollers labor, has paid a visit to Sunset Hill.

Next to France, the Netherlands has supplied the White Fathers with the largest contingent of candidates. From a Tilburg family, whose interests lie in wool, came this slight-built, fine-cut gentleman who, after a period of years teaching and preaching in near-by Mwanza, has been chosen by the Holy See to direct the destinies of the new mission of Musoma.

"The strategy of the White Fathers," explains the Bishop, "was to go first to the most densely populated regions of East and Central Africa. Thus the past sixty years have witnessed greatest activity in such areas

as the celebrated Uganda missions. Hundreds of thousands of well-trained Catholics now dwell in these regions.

"On the other hand, most of the Tanganyika missions were attacked less intensively. Thus they are among the least developed, and today they represent the pioneer areas awaiting hard spade work. Maryknoll and the White Fathers have a big task ahead of them in the Musoma-Maswa mission."

"Did the war harm the African missions?" someone asked.

"The war hurt us all," replied His Excellency, "but it probably did the least harm in Africa. It did greatest damage by cutting off Africa com-



pletely from Europe so that for five or six years we were deprived of our missionaries.

"But Africans are still earnestly asking questions about religion — a condition that may not exist twenty-five years from now if they continue to grow hard and sophisticated. We have some seven million Catholics among the hundred million people across Central Africa. In a quarter

of a century, fifty or sixty millions of this continent will be sons and daughters of the Church if enough of us work hard enough."

"Do the Africans make good Catholics?" someone else in the circle gathering.

"Now, now!" said the Bishop with a smile. "I don't expect to find advocates of black inferiority at Maryknoll. As you know, it is established scientifically and otherwise that the Negro, given equal opportunities, can match the white or any other race. True, there are superior, mediocre, and inferior specimens of Negroes in every large group, quite as there are varying specimens in any other racial gathering.

"There are, then, as great differences between tribe and tribe in Africa as are found among peoples in Europe. I recall near Mwanza two tribes, one of which reminded me for all the world of my Netherlands conferees at home, while the other tribe, a few miles distant, was decidedly like the Italians.

"For all who know them, the Africans are gracious, joyous people, ready with a laugh, quick to appreciate spiritual beauty."

"Have you any native priests?"

"Not yet; but we have almost thirty seminarians, and we have a few native Sisters from among our people."

"What is your biggest problem?"



Bishop Blomjous, Vicar Apostolic of Musoma

"Polygamy. This does not, as many think, make women into abject slaves. We can probably say that it is primarily a question not of morals at all, but of Africa's primitive social economy. Among Africans, money means little: cattle are the capital, and wives are the labor. Aside from wives, there are practically no hired hands. To tell a pagan that, to be a Christian, he can have only one wife, is at first as incomprehensible to him as it would be to tell an American that, to be a good follower of Christ, he can engage only one hired hand."

"Strange world!" we murmured.

"But we are counting on you!" exclaimed His Excellency.

"Let's look at the facts. . . . Christianity was once the CENTER OF GRAVITY of our civilization. Today it is a PERIPHERAL activity. . . . The problem is to renew the apostolic spirit. The Church must re-penetrate the mass from which she has been ejected. The mass will not come to her. She must go to the mass as Paul went and Xavier and Assisi."

— PAUL MCGUIRE in *Integrity*

MISSIONERS ARE ALSO MADE



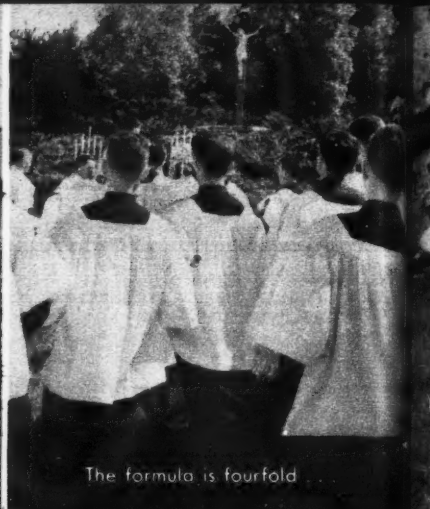
Crowning the hilltop which has become consecrate as Mary's Knoll stands the grey-rocked seminary which means home to Maryknollers everywhere. From here every missionary leaves for his post abroad.



In the Maryknoll junior seminaries and college the mystic alchemy ...



... of change begins. Young men who receive the grace of a missionary's vocation come to Maryknoll to be fashioned into a mold which makes them members of a great band, as old as the Church, as young as themselves.



The formula is fourfold . . .

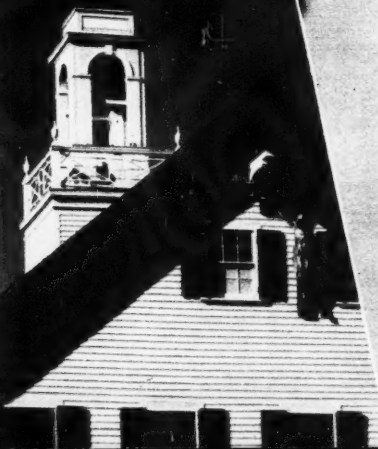


prayer, study, work and play. Nothing extraordinary here, you might say. . . .

But it is a task of years to blend successfully . . .



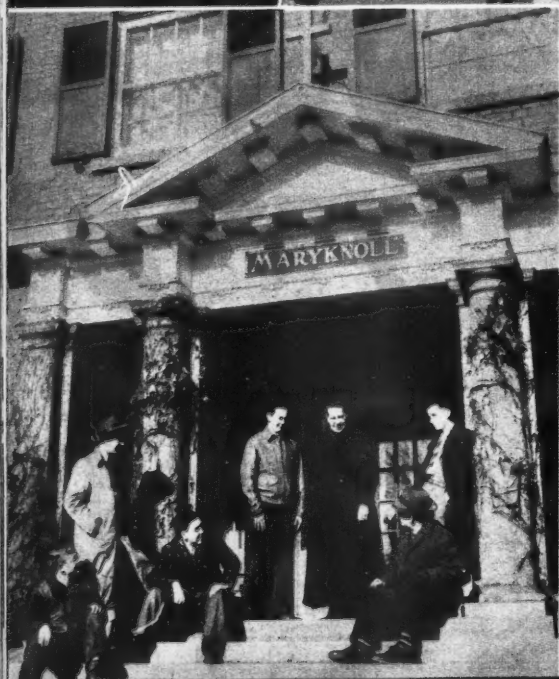
these ingredients. At last the strong and vigorous apostle goes forth into the world . . .





to save and
cure, baptize
and preach, to
be all things
to all men.

Yet wherever he goes . . .



the hallowed haunts
of his years of train-
ing hold tenaciously
a place in his heart.



One-way Ticket

FROM CHINA, JAPAN, and other parts of this troubled world, come calls for more American missionaries. It is tragic that, in this hour of opportunity, America cannot send forth all the priests needed to fill the demands. However, we have some who are prepared to go forth. Let us speed them on their way!

The Maryknollers who will go to China, Japan, Korea, Manchuria, Africa, and Central and South America, this year, need tickets, one-way tickets. But that means \$500 each — a figure that includes transportation and equipment. Any gift, large or small, will be welcome and will help these missionaries to go out in the name of Christ. Theirs will be the glorious task of serving some of the millions of souls over the earth who are hungering for His blessings.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

I enclose \$_____ to help pay the passage of one Maryknoll missionary to his field of work. I wish him success!

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

What's My Name?

Under each picture, you will
find clues to each character.
All were missionaries. Score
10 for each correct answer.
Answers appear on page 45.



I was a Spanish nobleman who went to
the Orient. I died on Sancian Island.
I was one of the first Jesuit priests.



Most of my life was spent in the Ha-
waiian Islands. My best-known sermon
began with the words, "We lepers..."



I was martyred in New York State by
the Iroquois. The Indians called me
"Blackrobe." Others died with me.

I am a modern martyr who died in
Indo-China. Maryknoll has a college
named after me, in Clarks Summit, Pa.



I was an apostle who preached on the
"Unknown God." Before my conver-
sion I was known as Saul of Tarsus.



Wang, the Wanderer

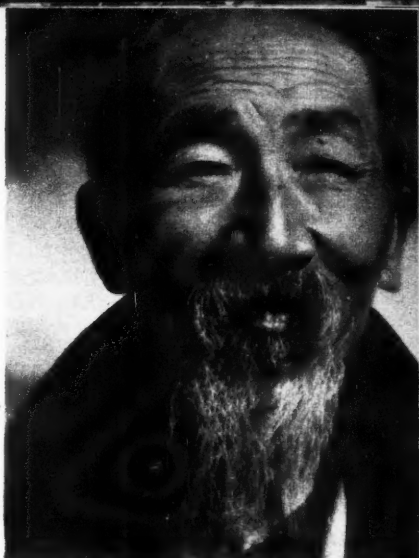
Forget the clink
of silver, Lum!

by Bishop Adolph J. Paschang

Wong Uncle Six sings for his rice. He wanders around the country and sings in banyan groves, on street corners, on door steps, on boats, wherever he can gather an audience. He needs no musical instrument to accompany his songs — not even a wooden clapper to emphasize the rhythm. He knows all the rhythmic narrative songs of the professional story-teller's program; he can intone the verses of the classical poets; and he chants all the ditties of the wood cutters, the baggage carriers and the boat pullers, whose falsetto voices echo in the mountain passes.

Better still, Uncle Six makes up his own songs to fit time and place and his own moods. Because he does nothing for his rice but sing, he is never more than one bowl ahead of mealtime. Because most of his songs are sung for his own pleasure, with no audience, they gather no rice. Yet, in all his own songs, there is never a word about hunger or poverty or misery. He sings from his heart, and those sorrows are not in his heart.

One day he sat under a bamboo



Wang, the Wanderer — no hunger in his songs, a single bowl of rice ahead

clump and watched Old Lum, whose lands produce a thousand bushels of rice a year, stalking around his fields, evidently worried about the dry earth and the cloudless sky. Old Lum was a rich man and was called a miser by all who knew him. Uncle Six, who had never owned a foot of land or a stalk of growing rice, smiled to himself and burst into song.

"The bulbul in the banyan,
The magpie in the pine;
The partridge in the canyon —
All these, and more, are mine!
The lily on the mountain,
The orchid in the tree,
The lotus in the fountain —
All these belong to me!
The rippling green of rice field,
The buckwheat's misty pink,
To me their harvests twice yield

By rights not writ
with ink,

My riches pay only
pleasures

That last but for a
day;

Yet I gladly share
my treasures

With all who come
my way."

Old Lum's inspection of the crops brought him towards Uncle Six. The miser grunted in disdain and asked, "Where are all those riches and treasures you are so enthusiastic about?"

"Raise your eyes from the dry fields," replied Uncle Six, "and shut your ears against the clink of silver, and you won't need to ask."

"Ha, you are a peculiar one!" said Old Lum. "Where is your noble dwelling?" He said "noble" only because, in a polite question, "noble" and "dwelling" go together.

Uncle Six laughed outright and

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**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK**

answered in song.

"I sleep beneath
the cane tops,

Or in the grass my
lair.

I wash my face
with rain drops,

The breezes comb
my hair."

"Che!" Old Lum

snorted. "You are just a vagrant beggar. And some day you will come to the end of the road, a miserable outcast."

"No, not this one," said Uncle Six, with assurance. "I am a believer in the Lord of Heaven."

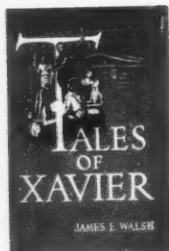
"Huh! How is that going to save you from dying a forsaken beggar in some temple ruins?"

"Never forsaken," declared Uncle Six, "because —

The great Upholder of the skies,
He also holds the land,
I always walk beneath His eyes;
I wander in His hand."

MISSION TIME

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by Bishop Walsh of Maryknoll

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We Take to the Hills

Many rags, big smiles
greet
the Cochabamba Sisters

by Sister Anne Marion

Sometimes we walk, and sometimes we ride on the brewery truck. The mode doesn't matter, for at the end of the journey are children, waiting to be taught.

Here in Calacala the young Catholic Action groups of the parish teach catechism in the neighboring pueblos. In the beginning, I accompanied one group each day to supervise their work. It is tremendous! These zealous young boys and girls of Catholic Action — modern apostles — are reaching hundreds of Indian children whom the priests and Sisters could not possibly reach.

The first mission we visited was Linde. We left Calacala about eight o'clock in the morning; after an hour of hard walking over pebbly roads, we arrived at our destination. The children had already gathered and were waiting for class to begin.

I have never seen such poor children as we find among the Indians here. They are actually in rags — and that is not a figure of speech: But each child has a smile that warms your heart. And you forget all about dirt, and even fleas, when they nestle up to you and wish to kiss your

crucifix. They seem obedient and anxious to study, although it must be very monotonous for them to learn the catechism by rote — which is the only way they have been taught. I am sure they will love the stories of Our Lord after our young catechists will have had a little more training in teaching.

Linde is actually a big farm, or *finca*, as an estate is called here. The owner has many workers, who live there with their families. It is like a little village. The *duena*, wife of the owner, came to greet us on our arrival. A little later she sent one of the farm hands to us with a pail of warm, creamy milk, fresh from the cow. We drank it from one community cup!

Most of the children had never seen a Sister before. (They call us *Madres*.) They were a bit shy at first, but soon became friendly. When the classes were finished, we walked along the narrow road that led away from the *finca*. On each side of us, we saw beautiful roses growing wild, interspersed here and there with gorgeous calla lilies.

The following morning we set out for Taquina by truck, at a quarter past six. I sat in the cab of the truck, with one of the Catholic Action girls, while the others climbed in the back with the workers who were on their way to the brewery at Taquina. At different points along the route, more Indians were picked up, until the truck was quite crowded. In the early



Though there is much work in the hills, the center of the Sisters in up-

morning hours, one sees many truckloads of people going to work, packed in like cattle. Along the bumpy road, we passed men and women trudging to their different tasks. One family evidently had no roof of their own, for they had built a fire on the roadside and all were partaking of the morning collation right there.

Viewed from Calacala, Taquina doesn't seem to be very far, or very high, but we found out differently when we made the uphill climb. The driver had to go in second gear all the way. As we looked backward, we saw Cochabamba and Calacala recede into the valley below. The air began to grow colder, because of the altitude, and also because Taquina itself was not then getting the sun's rays. It was still in the shadow of the mountain, at whose base the little settlement rests.

As we approached the huge white building that houses the brewery, we saw rows of neat-looking, white houses. They are the homes of the Indian workers; each family occupies one room. We went into one house to visit a very sick man. He lay on a pile of blankets in one corner of the room. There was no furniture in

the place; tin cans were used for dishes; old calendars papered the walls.

It was too early for class when we arrived, so the girls lighted a little alcohol stove they had brought, and made some coffee. After our long, cool ride in the crisp morning air, the hot refreshment was welcome.

The owner of the brewery provides for some education for the children of his employees. During the school year, two rooms are set aside for this purpose. There the little tots and the bigger ones, too, began to gather, even before the bell was sounded for our class. Again there was a collection of patched and unwashed ragamuffins, as at Linde the day before. Seeing the eagerness of these children for all that we have to teach them, made me more determined than ever to spare no effort in the training of our catechists.

Once a week the girl catechists come to the convent to discuss their problems and to receive instructions on methods of teaching. They all have their hearts in the work, but the only way they know how to teach is the way they themselves were taught — by memorization. As yet



land Bolivia is Cochabamba with its markets and meleo of street life

they have no idea how fascinating teaching religion can be. This, it will be my happy privilege to reveal to them.

Another field for our apostolic efforts is the local hospital — a sorry contrast to the new one conducted by our Sisters in Riberalta. We are planning to spend most of our time in the T.B. wards during our semi-weekly visits. The patients there are so downhearted that they need cheering up: the majority were in an advanced stage of the disease when they reached the hospital. On a recent visit, we found one patient, seriously ill, who was anxious to have his marriage rectified by the Church. Two other patients agreed to go to confession as soon as possible.

There is no lack of activities in the Calacala parish. At present we are

starting a series of plays to be given over the local radio station — our contribution to Catholic culture.

We attended a session of the boys' Catholic Action group at church one evening. It was amazing and inspiring. The leader, a lad of about seventeen, introduced a discussion on the first part of the Creed. Youthful members asked many intelligent questions. Father Lawler was there to put in a word if necessary, but the leader needed very little help.

Each Sunday these boys have a Holy Hour, during which they give short meditations before the Blessed Sacrament. The group would be an outstanding one in the United States — but here, where men feel such shame about even entering a church, the group's existence and aims are almost unbelievable.

Maryknoll Sisters, Maryknoll P.O., New York

Dear Sisters:

I enclose herewith \$ _____ to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

As long as possible, I will send \$ _____ each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister.

**"Make Your
Money Work for
You NOW,
and AFTER
You Are Gone**



MARYKNOLL will accept any sum of money, from \$100 upwards, as an investment in the Society, and in return will guarantee to pay to you, or to any person designated by you, an annual interest on the principal, at a rate of between 2½% and 3¼%, depending upon your age at the time the agreement is made.

Friends who have invested funds in Maryknoll and thus have become annuitants, are pleased with the plan. Their minds are relieved of the problem of choosing safe investments for their earnings, and at the same time they have the satisfaction of knowing that their money is working for them now and insuring a monument for them that will last after they shall have departed this world.

Upon the death of an annuitant, Maryknoll will use the principal of the investment for one of the many works of the missions. It may be that this money will be used to educate a boy for the priesthood, or to perform works of charity in the mission field. But whatever is done with the money, it will be YOUR work!

The security of Maryknoll annuities is founded on the integrity of our Society, whose official seal appears on every agreement. Maryknoll recognizes to the full its obligations to its annuitants and has never yet failed to meet interest payments. Write for our free booklet, about Maryknoll annuities.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

My Fella

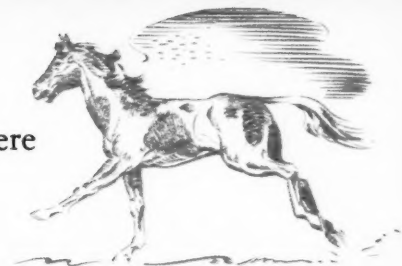
You are sure of getting there
if you have a horse

by Jerome P. Garvey

"Fella" is the name of a horse recently acquired by one of the Maryknollers in Molina. The need of a horse to get about our territory was made evident on our arrival here, but it is not easy to find a good horse. Inexperience had already cost the Fathers some embarrassment and recalled stories of the horse traders of earlier days. Therefore, when a man rode in, one evening, and offered to sell us his horse, we were somewhat wary.

But this was not the usual case of a trader trying to get rid of a horse to the Padres for a good deal more than a native would pay. This horse had been bought as a saddle horse for the man's daughter, but circumstances made it necessary that the owner secure a plow horse. He did not care to put Fella into harness, because the animal was almost one of the family.

That evening one of the priests took a short ride to try Fella for trot, walk, and gallop, and response to the reins. The Maryknoller was "sold" on the horse after that. But for security's sake, he asked to be allowed to try him under all conditions



for several days. And now Fella is part of the Maryknoll household in Molina. To his owner, there is no other horse in Chile; and it seems that Fella feels the same way about his master. Already the steed has proved his worth, and we hope that there are many years ahead of him for serving busy missionaries.

Recently, on a trip through Molina, Fella was frightened by the smell of fresh blood. The truck from the slaughterhouse had stopped on a street; the doors were wide open, and within, hanging on hooks, were sides of beef freshly killed. Instinctively Fella backed off—and bumped into a car that was passing in the narrow street.

The bump was slight, but the horse did get cut. The care he is getting now is certainly something that has never been known before in these parts! In a day or so, Fella will again be ready for long journeys.

Fella is the gift of benefactors in the United States, who wished to help our Molina mission. Perhaps this little picture will make their gift more real to them. Fella is only a horse, but he is a creature of the One whose Name we are trying to bring alive here, and he will do much to carry that Name to the scattered peoples about us.

QUIZ ANSWERS — 1. St. Francis Xavier;
2. Father Damien; 3. St. Isaac Jogues;
4. Bl. Theophane Venard; 5. St. Paul.



Interpreter of Eastern Asia

Soul of a poet,
a newsman's nose

Father Patrick O'Connor was for years editor of *The Far East*, the monthly of his own Society, the Missionaries of St. Columban. During that period he touched his tales of the apostolate with the starry sheen of a man whose truest joy is to express beauty with words.

While president of the Catholic Press Association, he was called upon at the close of hostilities to go to the Far East. Thus was born his great opportunity, the chance to employ to the full his poet's soul and



Father O'Connor, S.S.C.,
and (above) a Catholic chapel in Japan

his newsman's nose in interpreting to Catholic America the cause of the desperate millions of the Orient. Father O'Connor's writings from over the Pacific have represented one of the most distinguished pieces of reporting in the history of Catholic journalism.

"If you can stand the sight of concentrated human misery, come with me tonight to Ueno Station here in Tokyo." It is Father O'Connor writing.

"It is a wet, chilly night, a bad night

for sleeping on a subway pavement.

"Push your way past thousands of weary, disheveled, bundle-burdened people . . . Be careful where you walk in these dirty, ill-lighted tunnels. That isn't a bundle of refuse; it is a homeless human being, sleeping, or sick, or maybe dying. . . Here is a boy with a half sheet of a newspaper; he spreads it on the damp, filthy pavement and lies down. Mothers with children, lost youngsters, wild-looking derelicts huddle in the cold.

"Thank God, a gleam from another world . . . little Japanese Catholic Sisters come to Ueno Station with their meager stock of medicine. . . Japan today needs teachers, writers, organizers, builders. But first of all she needs a dozen St. Vincent de Pauls. She needs the corporal works of mercy. . . Japan needs faith and Christian deeds for her sorrow."

This is the pattern that has marked Father O'Connor's reports: vivid word pictures of people — living, pulsing, human people — and the challenge they represent to Catholic America. Not only in Japan, but as far north as Communist Harbin and throughout China, this priest reporter has drawn for us his portraits.



PRAYERS, PLEASE

WILL you, too, remember the following requests we have received for prayers?

Persons sick	3,194
Persons deceased	2,125
Persons in the services	403
Other special intentions	8,673

Put these BOOKS to WORK



Tales of Xavier	\$2.50
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— JUVENILES —

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Set of 5 books, boxed	4.50
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MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

MARYKNOLL

WANT ADS



African Hunters. Maryknoll's four missionaries in Africa need motorcycles to help them in their hunting—not for wild beasts, but for souls. The machines cost \$375 each.

Baby Clinics, with free service and a trained nurse in charge, are needed in Guatemala. Father Allie requests donations for his mission's baby clinics.

Rice is Scarce for millions of poor Chinese. Our missionaries will have to continue to feed the needy in their rice lines, until the country can recover from the destruction of the war. Any help you send will be appreciated.

Climbing Shoes—four of them, with a horse attached—are needed by Father Sommer, in Guatemala. Father writes that he has worn out his last worthy steed on the mountain trails of that country. A gift of \$100 will put him a-horse again.

Medical Keys. All the world knows that helpful drugs cure the ills of the body; but how many persons know that they also open doors? Missioners use medicine as keys to open the doors of pagan hearts to the message of Christ. Will you help supply these keys?

Manchurian Winds sweep down upon that country from Siberia. The normal temperature in the winter is from 20 to 40 degrees below zero. Missioners' houses must be heated, if people are to be kept alive; churches must be defrosted before people will enter them. Stoves cost \$95

each, and three are urgently needed.

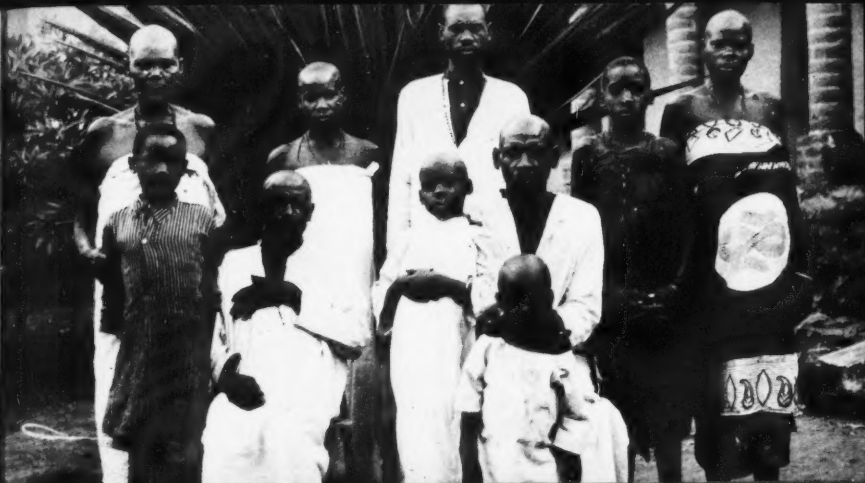
Repairs can be made for \$500, to turn a building in Pemuco, Chile, into an auditorium and gymnasium for the use of the children of the town. So the pastor, Father Rottner, tells us. Will you help him help the children?

A New Right Arm. When a missionary has a catechist, he can do twice as much work as when he is alone. If he has two of those important helpers, he can do twice as much again. You can supply an extra right arm for a missionary: a catechist's salary is \$15 a month.

Catholic Action in Japan can be speeded by the purchase of a mimeograph, which will serve to inform the people of the truths of our religion. They wish to know: we wish to tell them. But who will supply the machine? A new one with necessary equipment costs \$600.

Empty Shelves in a Korean dispensary; empty looks on the faces of the poor who come in vain for treatment. A sad picture—but \$100 can fill those shelves and bring relief and happiness to the people. New dispensaries are needed, also. They cost \$400 each.

Camping on the Ground. Father Manning, in Chile, has a large camp for poor children. As additional money reaches him from friends, he adds cots to the furnishings of the camp; he hopes to have an inexpensive bed for every child. Cost: \$2 each.



MARYKNOLL IN AFRICA NEEDS

General Mission Work

Two Bicycles (each) . . .	\$ 50
Education yearly (1 pupil) . . .	25
Country chapel	1000
Dispensary building	500
Catechist's salary (1 month) . . .	15

Equipment for Mission Trips

Cooking stoves	12
Four Motorcycles (each)	375
Mass Kit	150
Cooking utensils	20

Chapel Furnishings

Stations of the Cross	50
Sanctuary Lamp	25
Benediction Set	100
Altar linens (set)	25
Albs	15
Altar cards (set)	15

When you make your will, write in a bequest for the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc. This is Maryknoll's legal title. If you wish a copy of our free booklet, *The Making of a Catholic Will*, just drop a post card to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK



THIS SHANGHAI ORPHANAGE is one of more than 600 Catholic Institutions in China caring for the young and aged. Catholic charity during World War II built a tremendous reservoir of good will.

